

Crosbyside, June 22, '74.

Dear Wife:

No intelligence from home since Frank brought a line from you at Orange. There must, I conclude, be a letter from you or Fanny somewhere on the way, and possibly delayed by not having the right direction, "Crosbyside, Lake George, N. Y." An answer can be sent to this in season; but after Wednesday, nothing can reach here before our departure for home on Friday afternoon, when we shall go to Glen's Falls and spend the night, and on Saturday morning take the train for Boston - a long ride - arriving at Rockledge at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening.

Having seen no newspapers since we left ~~Orange~~ ^{Saratoga}, I am ignorant of all the events of the day. This afternoon there comes a mail to this place, and I shall be greatly disappointed if neither letter nor paper is received from Boston.

Here all is quietude and complete seclusion from the world. There have been no arrival of sojourners or travellers, and we have the hotel (which will accommodate some 200 persons) almost entirely to ourselves. Almost every room, however, is engaged for July and August; so that, just as we are leaving, the visitors will begin to swarm, and there will be no lack of social intercourse and festivity. But I prefer solitude to the crowd, only the weather has been a little too cool. Yesterday it was very pleasant, and this morning it is glorious. Saturday afternoon Frank rowed me in a boat some three miles (going and coming) to "tea island," making a delightful excursion. Then we called upon Mr. Wilson, the artist, who painted my portrait, as it hangs in our dining-room, more than twenty years ago. His house is half a mile from our hotel, and he resides here with his wife all the year round. He is one of my greatest admirers, and is always delighted to see me. His wife

has three sisters who live together in an adjoining house, and they are all superior women in intelligence, reformatory spirit, and dignity of deportment. In accordance with their invitation, we took tea with them last evening, and had several hours of earnest conversation on various topics, they probing me with all sorts of questions. Then, from 9 to 10 o'clock, we (Frank and I) took a boat, F. handling the oars skillfully, — the new moon shining in a cloudless sky. The temptation was great to remain floating till midnight, as there was no chilliness in the air and no dew. As soon as I finish this, Frank is to give me another song, at a much longer distance to "Diamond Island." This afternoon we shall take the little steamer for a trip half the length of the lake — say 20 miles — getting back at sundown. It promises to be the finest day of the season. One is never tired of contemplating the lake and its surroundings.

I am feeling better to-day than at any time since I left home, but do not gain any upon my rheumatism. I had no time to take a Turkish bath either in Brooklyn or New York, but will give it a trial when I get home. The latest remedy I have had recommended is Kerosine oil, well rubbed in. Frank is all right in body and in mind.

I learn from him that there is to a Woman Suffrage gathering at the Framingham Grove on the 4th of July, at which I shall try to be present to "help the cause along."

William need not send me any letter or newspaper later than by Wednesday evening's mail.

What do the grandchildren say of their missing grandpapa and uncle Frank? Lucy - whether Agnes has had her birthday party yet? Hope Charley is over his measles. W. L. G.